

TAMING A CRANK

Barton declared that nothing ever would induce him to go out to dinner. He insisted that wild horses could not drag him out. He brought up a number of reasons why it was not possible for him to go. His best shoes were too small, he had no dress suit, he couldn't bear society—and so on.

His roommate listened patiently to the end.

"Well, you may think it is mainly to act like that," he said then, "but I don't see it in that light. I've been patient with your nonsense long enough. Now, either you act right or it's all off between us, that's all."

"You talk like a melodrama," declared Barton. "If I prefer a book by the fire to dining at your fiancée's house it's no reflection on her, since I never saw her in my life."

"It's the first thing I've asked you to do in months," said his roommate in injured tones. "And this is the elegant way I get turned down."

"I don't see the use of treating it as if it were a personal matter," said Barton. "You know I'm a crank who doesn't care for society."

"I know you're a good-looking, interesting fellow, and you make me everlastingly tired," returned his roommate.

"Your statements don't agree," laughed Barton. "But thank you for the bouquets just the same."

"I shall take it as a personal affront if you don't go with me to dinner to Alice's, when I'm going to be married and leave you in a few weeks," insisted Barton's roommate.

"You know I haven't a dress suit," said Barton.

"You don't suppose it's as formal as that, do you? It's just the family."

"I don't know the family."

"That doesn't make any difference. Be a sport. That is, if you care anything at all about my feelings."

"Feelings!"

"Well, it's true; I'm making this a test case."

Barton heaved a sigh and his roommate waited till his back was turned before he winked solemnly at the electric light. The battle was won.

Barton changed his mind a thousand times before the evening of the dinner, but his roommate always conquered and not once declined. Barton mounted the steps to the house as though they led to the scaffold, and his companion only half guessed how near he was to running, even after the bell had been rung.

The door was opened by a vision in pink.

Barton gasped at the sight. No wonder he had had so many solitary evenings during the past year if that was George's fiancée! She and George had some joke and he had a minute in which to look at her before she was presented. In that minute he noted that her eyes were brown and her hair simplicity and honesty itself. He had had an idea that all girls wore false hair, but this girl didn't and she was the most charming creature he had ever seen.

"Mary, I want to present my chum, Fred Barton," George was saying. "Fred, this is her sister. Where's Alice?"

The rest of the evening was a blur to him when Barton looked back upon it. He met Mary's mother and father and an aunt and the sister, but he didn't remember how any of them looked, so dimmed were they by the one great light. He talked, too, and talked well, and she smiled up at him several times in genuine liking.

After dinner they stayed an absurdly short time, though George said his watch showed it was ten o'clock. George's watch was always wrong. Barton remembered resentfully.

It was a lovely moonlight night and Barton insisted on their walking home, because he wanted to talk. However, he didn't say a word. George cast sidelong glances at him from time to time, but it was only as they neared home that Barton spoke.

"I never saw a prettier girl!" said Barton.

"It isn't only prettiness," returned George. "She's all around nice."

"Of course she is," said Barton. "That's easy to see."

Realizing they were talking about different girls, George swallowed a laugh and choked in the process, but Barton did not notice it.

"Say, old man," he asked diffidently, "where did you have your dress suit made?"

Some Peanuts.

America, even if it were not for the circus, eats more peanuts than any other country in the world. We do not seem to be even able to supply our own demand, as during 1907 and 1908 Japan exported 17,000,000 pounds of peanuts, and the major portion of them came to this country.

The Last Word.

Determined to have the last word, the woman hunted through the dictionary and soon emerged triumphant with a list of three thousand framed from "Constantinople," and received therefore one year's subscription to the Joyful Home's big prize contest.—Judge.

The KITCHEN CABINET



WARD was their lodging, home by was their food. For all their luxury was doing good.—Samuel Garth.

"The amplest knowledge has the largest faith. Ignorance is always incredulous."—Willmot.

The Visiting Nurse.

What a boon to suffering humanity is the visiting nurse. In so many small towns and cities she is supported entirely by the Visiting Nurses' association, and donations from public spirited citizens.

In the poor home she comes as an angel of cheer, staying for an hour or two, to give the patient a bath, leave directions for the care of the sick one, smoothing the rough places, and leaving the home comfortable and hopeful.

For those who are able to pay for a visit from the nurse, many being glad to avail themselves of this good care, a simple fee is paid, which goes into the Visiting Nurses' association treasury. The ladies forming this association have monthly meetings, provide bedding and infant's clothing for those who are poor, and unprovided.

She shows the home nurse how to read the clinical thermometer and tells her never to take the temperature of a patient just after giving very hot or very cold liquids, or after a meal, as these processes change the temperature.

Never tell a patient what the thermometer indicates. Give him an evasive answer.

The temperature of a normal person is 98.5, and any deviation indicates that something is wrong.

Never wear creaking shoes or a rustling gown, or sit in a rocking chair that squeaks, or the floor under it groans with your weight, for all these things slight in themselves, are torture to an irritable patient. The rattling of a newspaper is often enough to make them want to scream.

The visiting nurse will also show you how to count the pulse. In an adult 72 beats to the minute is normal, though it may vary. Respirations are from 18 to 22 in the adult. These may vary slightly, but above 30 or below 12 look for trouble. The counting of the respirations should always be done without the patient's knowledge, as he then breathes naturally.

Nellie Maxwell

EACH ELM COST PINT OF RUM

How the Shade Trees of Kittery Point Were Planted by Patriotic Citizens.

One of the most striking attractions of the old town of Kittery Point has long been her towering elms, says the Kennebec Journal. They rise majestically above trees of all other varieties and in summer with their foliage encompass her quaint streets in delicious green coolness, transform the fine old place into a veritable seashore fairyland, and last but not least enrapture the summer visitor.

For nearly two miles along the highway, which for the most part follows the shore of the harbor, these splendid specimens rear themselves at fairly regular intervals, though the ax has in time past brought some of the monarchs crashing to the earth.

The story of the circumstances attending the planting of the giants, as it has been handed down from father to son, runs as follows: "Maj. Thomas Cutts, one of the old town fathers, who conducted a fishing business, foreign commerce, a store and a tavern in the famous Pepperell mansion (built 1662) conceived the very commendable idea of beautifying his native town by setting out trees.

"Accordingly in 1791 he gave one Samuel Blake the contract. Samuel's remuneration was nothing more or less than a pint of rum, doubtless brought from the West Indies, by one of the major's pinkies, for each tree planted. There were originally 90 of them, and they extended from the Seavey lot, near where the First Christian church now stands, to the 'Top of the Point' or the shore of Spruce creek."

Servant's Humorous Error.

Mr. Smith, an American traveler, arrived one day in Berlin. On the way he picked up a smart German as a servant. In Berlin, every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book which is kept for police examination, so Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name. "I have already registered myself," said Fritz, "as an American gentleman of independent means." "But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?" I copied it from Fritz's portmanteau," answered Fritz. "Why, it isn't on my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith; "bring the book and let me see what you have put down." The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him as "Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather!"

ANCIENT CITY OF SHANGHAI

Where the Chinese Gentleman of Leisure Passes His Time Enjoyably.

Shanghai affords a curious study of the combinations of the western influence and the native city, according to James F. J. Archibald in Burr McIntosh's Monthly. Along the river various nations have acquired concessions of land and have built according to the ideas of their governments. But a little distance back in the city, surrounded by an old wall, is the ancient city of Shanghai, with its wonderful tea gardens and teahouses surrounding the beautiful little artificial lakes and ponds. Here the few hours of recreation spent by the better class of Chinese gentlemen are employed in leisurely gossip over the ceremonious drinking of tea. In the gardens of Shanghai the bridges extend over the little waterways and ponds and from the rookeries and walls are lotus flowers and wistarias hundreds of years old. On the walls and on the bridges are tablets engraved with the wise sayings of wise men.

The shops of the native quarter are of endless interest and the hucksters, peddlers and beggars all form a part of the curious mixture of the past and the present. The signs displayed in front of business houses are an exceedingly interesting study, the signs, in many cases, costing quite as much as an entire building in which the business is carried on. Great poles flanked by beautifully carved wings, gilded and colored, announce the character of the wares on exhibition for sale within. There is undoubtedly a greater leisure class among the Chinese in Shanghai than in any other city in China. Here Chinese gentlemen of wealth spend much time in the teahouses and theaters with favorite singing girls, who correspond to the geisha girls of Japan, who are in reality, the entertainers or actresses popular to the day and are generally of a high moral standard. They are usually an exceptionally intelligent and brilliant class of women.

Any One Can Lay Out Treasures on Earth If He Is Willing to Pay the Price.

An old confidential clerk in a New York banking house has just died, leaving an estate of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, all saved out of his wages and acquired by investment. Far from being a difficult feat, this is rather easy. Any bright boy who fancies such a career can repeat it.

Suppose an office boy of sixteen has in two years saved by pinching self-denial \$100. He can loan it at legal interest on good personal security or invest it to yield five per cent. In the former case, if the yield is kept reinvested it will grow to \$3,200 by the time he is seventy-five; in the latter case to \$2,100.

But the boy keeps on saving. His wages are raised from time to time, and as his second, third and succeeding \$100 come more quickly, each in turn is set on its way to grow into thousands. At thirty-five he has a salary of perhaps \$2,500 a year and saves \$1,500 of it or more. The savings of that single year, kept invested at legal interest, will grow to \$20,000 in 40 years. But already he has many other dollars at work for him—or rather for his unloving heirs. As his salary grows he saves and invests more, and still more. Probably he will see frequent chances of profitable usury. But he will never take a risk. He is a faithful and trustworthy though not brilliant employee. He does not become dissipated or gluttonous, and so has no use for doctors. His employers appreciate him and he coils their appreciation into more living, growing gold.

Of course he never marries. He spends nothing on enjoyment or self-culture or travel. In the end he dies a lonely death, and from the famous will case that follows the lawyers profit mightily.

There are probably a few boys in New York today who will do this very thing. It is in them to do it. But is it worth while?

A Sign.

"What makes you think he's really wealthy?" "Look how carelessly he wears his clothes."—Detroit Free Press.

Wrinkles.

One of the chief causes of wrinkles among girls who are "getting along" and women who are spoken of as "still young" lies in their reluctance to wearing glasses when the need arrives. Instead of recognizing and frankly acknowledging the symptoms of imperfect or failing sight, these misguided young women persist in straining their eyes with the effort to find the right focus for seeing any particular object until the whole face is a mass of wrinkles and the worried expression becomes fixed for good. Wearing glasses a year or two earlier—for the time surely comes when they must be worn—would not only prevent the unsightly wrinkles, but also because of the relief from nerve strain, would give a serenity of expression that would take years from the apparent age at a trying transition period before the shadows of the approaching thirties. It is cheering to know that the shadows grow lighter with each successive decade.

At the Turkish Bath

"I take the baths simply to keep myself in good condition," explained the very large woman to her pretty little neighbor on the next couch. "It isn't as if I were too stout. I have a large frame, of course, but not an ounce too much flesh, my husband says. He always did admire fine-looking women. I wouldn't lose a pound for the world!"

"Well, I would," interrupted the red-haired woman. "Of all atrocious things in this world, it is fat!" She eyed the large woman and continued: "When I found that I was five pounds above normal I came down at once to take a course of baths. I've steamed and roasted and been pounded until I've lost three pounds. Hips are slightly disgusting to me. Of course, this season's styles say smaller waists and slightly larger hip effect. But I'll take mine in effect, thank you!"

"Well, I confess I'm fat—just plain fat," commented a second stout woman. "I've dieted and walked and taken active and passive exercise until I'm too tired to move. I've gone without dessert. I've had massage until my hips were black and blue. Now I'm rolling."

"Rolling?" asked the pretty little woman. "What's that?"

"Haven't you tried rolling yet?" asked the others. "Why, you can't roll in a Turkish bath."

"Not trying to reduce! Then why are you here?" demanded the large woman, sternly.

"I've always been thin," meekly responded the little woman, "but of late I've had rheumatism, so my physician advised Turkish baths for me."

"Oh!" chorused the envious ones. "It must be hard not to be able to wear evening dress," said the first large woman, at last. "Of course, if one doesn't go about socially it doesn't much matter, I suppose."

The red-haired woman winked at the dazed little lady.

"My husband would object seriously if I should propose wearing anything else than décolleté every evening for dinner," the large woman continued. "We entertain extensively."

"I'll wager she does her own housework," whispered the red-haired woman to her thin neighbor. "Look at her finger nails!"

"Well," sighed the second fat woman, "I can't even look well in a low necked gown; my flesh seems to hang in waves, so that I cover it up all that I can. I'm rolling and taking three baths a week so that I can take gymnastic dancing. My daughter goes to a class and she has grown so graceful—of course, she always was graceful. I didn't mean that—and, besides, she lost a pound the first week. So I entered at once and paid for the whole course in advance. But the very first exercises were so strenuous for me that I had to go home in a taxicab and stay in bed for two whole days. So I'm bound to reduce enough to go back into the class, for the thought of that \$30 ticket that I bought and can't use is giving me insomnia!"

The red-haired woman gave her neighbor a wicked look. "Imagine our friend skipping lightly across the polished floor to dreamy music!" she said.

The first fat woman was slowly arising from her couch. The red-haired woman sprang up and reached the door first.

"Good-by," she sang back, mockingly.

"The cat!" snorted the first fat woman. "She knew that I was trying to get Mary first and now it will be hours before she is through with her rubbing. Mary is the best masseuse in the place and that person always gives her a double tip, I'm positive, to get an extra long treatment. And I'm in a great hurry. A very exclusive luncheon at one o'clock and I will have to take some one else!"

The little woman crept into her bed for a short rest and listened to the telephone orders for luncheon for the rest. If the first fat woman was in such a hurry for a luncheon engagement, why was she ordering a steak smothered in onions, with a double order of fried potatoes? If the second fat woman wanted to reduce, why did she order a meal of sweets and chocolate? If the red-haired woman didn't care particularly to lose more than two pounds, why was she so careful to select from a reducing diet? The little woman smiled to herself—there were some compensations in being slender.

She stopped at the scales in going out to find the second fat woman carefully consulting it.

"I've gained four ounces," the latter groaned, "and I eat nothing at all! I am afraid I'll not be able to take any rhythmic dancing, gymnastic or otherwise, at this rate this winter! Would you like to buy my ticket at half price?"

Higher Priced.

Hub—Always complaining about your clothes. You should set your mind on higher things. Wife—I do; on higher things than your circumstanced will allow me to buy.—Boston Evening Transcript.

TRUE TO MASTER'S TEACHING

Generous Deed of Dr. Marcus Whitman, Missionary Physician of the Pacific Coast.

For some things there can be no adequate payment in money. Dr. Marcus Whitman, the missionary physician of the Pacific coast, knew that very well, says his biographer, Rev. Myron Eells. Once on the Wallawalla river a poor, sick immigrant, weak from eating "blue mass," was taken to see the doctor. The story is best told in his own words.

Mother Whitman came and raised the wagon cover and said: "What is the matter with you, my brother?"

"I am sick, and I don't want to be pestered much, either."

"Bub, bub, my young friend, my husband is a doctor, and can probably cure your ailment. I'll go and call him."

So off she clattered, and pretty soon Doc came, and they packed me in the cabin, and soon he had me on my feet again.

I eat up a whole band of cattle for him, as I had to winter with him. I told him I'd like to work for him to kinder pay part of my bill.

Well, Doc set me to making rails, but I only made 200 before spring, and I got to worrying 'cause I had only \$50 and a saddle horse, and I reckoned I owed the doctor \$400 or \$500 for my life.

Now, maybe I wasn't knocked out when I went and told the doctor I wanted to go on to Webfoot, and asked him how we stood; and doctor panted to a cayuse pony, and says: "Money I have not, but you can take that horse and call it even, if you will."—Youth's Companion.

MERCY UNKNOWN TO NATURE

Life Hard and Cruel for All the Lower Creatures, According to Theodore Roosevelt.

In an article in Scribner's, Theodore Roosevelt made the following complaint of the cruelty of nature:

Death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation—these are the normal endings of the stately and beautiful creatures of the wilderness. The sentimentalists who prattle about the peaceful life of nature do not realize its utter mercilessness; although all they would have to do would be to look at the birds in the winter woods, or even at the insects on a cold morning or cold evening. Life is hard and cruel for all the lower creatures, and for man also in what the sentimentalists call a "state of nature." The savage of today shows us what the fabled age of gold of our ancestors was really like; it was an age when hunger, cold, violence, and iron cruelty were the ordinary accomplishments of life. If Mathew Arnold, when he expressed the wish to know the thoughts of earth's "vigorous, primitive" tribes of the past, had really desired an answer to his question, he would have done well to visit the homes of the existing representatives of his "vigorous, primitive" ancestors, and to watch them feasting on blood and guts; while as for the "pellucid and pure" feelings of his imaginary primitive maiden, they were those of any meek, cowlike creature who accepted marriage by purchase or of convenience, as a matter of course.

WORTH KEEPING IN MEMORY

Life's Lesson That, Well Learned, Would Lessen the Number of Unhappy Wives.

It is a lesson that men have apparently never needed to learn, that marriage is for life, not life for marriage, and that the world is teeming with other interesting things. It would make most wives vastly more capable, more interesting, and certainly happier if they could bear about with them the same conviction that the world is full of other interesting things. It would be balm to many an unsuccessful marriage. For, despite all the wisdom in the world, all marriages are not, and cannot be made, happy and successful, and certainly the fewer of these failures that are funneled out for public adjustment the better.

Let men and women learn to make a workable compromise, and make the very most of the other interesting things in life. For, in the end, marriage as in life, we experience only ourselves. What we get out of life is just what we have put into it. And if any undertaking is a failure we might just as well bring it home to ourselves and say: "I am a failure along that line." For, of marriage as of life, I know no profounder truth than that we can experience ourselves.—Harper's Basar.

Oldest Club.

There are many chess clubs in this city, but the one which holds the record for age is the New York Chess club. It was organized in 1800, and its membership roll contains the names of many of the most noted players the world ever has known, many being active members and others being in the honorary membership class. Names also are to be found there which have figured largely in politics, commerce, art, letters and war. By the same token it may be said that the club's record of match games, national and international, held under its auspices is an inspiration to all modern players who covet it.—New York Press.

DEA IS TO DECEIVE SPIRIT

Reason for Queer Language Employed by Malaysians When Gathering Camphor.

In Johore, on the Malay peninsula, there is employed one of the strangest languages in the world, used for a most curious purpose. This tongue is called Pantang Kapor, or "camp language," and is a medium employed by natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malay camphor tree, but only when they are at work.

It is a superstition of these natives that should they use the language of the district, the Malay or aboriginal, they would be unable to obtain their camphor.

The Malay natives firmly believe that each species of tree has a spirit or guardian angel that presides over its affairs, this spirit being known by the name of Bisan. This spirit's resting place is near the trees. Therefore, the spirit of the camphor tree would be extremely jealous of its precious gum, so that it becomes necessary to propitiate her, inasmuch as she would, should she learn the numbers were in quest of it, endeavor to interpose obstacles to their mission. Accordingly the natives speak in a tongue that the tree spirit does not understand. It was for this purpose that the mysterious "camp language" was invented, and it consists of an odd mixture of Javanese Malay words that have been curiously altered and reversed.—Harper's Weekly.

Reducing the Hips With Toothpicks.

One of the newest and cleverest flesh reducing methods includes our toothpicks—and a teacup as its apparatus. "Stand close up to the wall somewhere," directs the exponent of this method, "first making sure there is a high mantel shelf or other shelf so far above your head that it is unlifted hand can just touch it. Then take 50 of them—50 of them—are to be thrown on the floor just in front of the toes, and with one sweep of the body a toothpick is picked up and placed by a stretching of the arm, the teacup which stands on the high shelf. This motion brings in the bending of the body at the waist, which reduces the abdomen, and twisting of the torso, which makes the waist supple and slender and reduces the hips an inch a week.

The Sneeze a Good Omen.

In the Odyssey, just as Penelope had uttered the words: "If Ulysses should come . . . soon would I with his son be revenged upon the violence of men." Telemachus "sneezed loudly," and Penelope, laughing happily, orders the "stranger" who, as we know, was none other than Ulysses himself—to be brought to her presence. "Dost thou not sneeze, says, 'that my son has sneezed at all my words?' Xenophon hailed sneeze from one of his soldiers as an omen sent from Jupiter; and another similar incident is retailed in the way with Cyrus the younger. Theocritus speaks of a happy bridegroom who sneezed by a lucky sneeze; Catullus makes Cupid's sneeze propitious to a pair of lovers, and the list of illustrious night easily be amplified.

Noses of Our Ancestors.

Ancient white man had immense bony buttresses like a billy goat bulging out above his eyebrows, had broad and no forehead, and a bony bridge of the nose to speak of. So when such an evolutionary granddaddy got a socked-wager over his eye and nose with a fist or a club it didn't much matter. He did not have to have the bridge of his nose raised to a surgical engineer, nor have his eye painted by a "black eye artist." The same kind of clubbing today would only spoil a man's looks for life. It might end him then and there. It is pretty clear that the white man's nose is a type of the white man's mind; everything bespeaking gentle manners.

Japanese and Damascus Blades.

The Japanese blade, placed on a par with the Damascus sword, art and utility, differs from the Indian weapon in one material detail. Instead of having a form high temper, which gives the remarkable flexibility possessed by the Damascus blade, the Japanese sword has two tempers, a hard and a mild steel.

The edge of the blade is hard with the finest temper, the body and back of a milder temper sufficient to give some elasticity. A Japanese sword cannot be bent half double with the pressure of a hand; it is very near rigid.